

Frederick Delius - The Nightingale

Sing, sing nightingale blest
Sing me a roundel of gladness
Wilt thou not bring me as guest
Peace in my bosom to rest?
Ah, why must I be ever in sadness?
Sing, sing nightingale blest

Sing, sing chantress of love
Sing where 'tis fragrant and beaming
Evening gales o'er me rove
Gloom overshadows the grove
Light alone springs from my dreaming
Sing, sing chantress of love

Come, come carol thy lay
Here in the cell where I languish
Cannot a nightingale stray
Must I ever sorrow have sway
Song would but mock at my anguish
Come, come carol thy lay